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Repository citation: Hope College, "The Anchor, Volume 14.03: December 1, 1900" (1900). *The Anchor: 1900*. Paper 10.

https://digitalcommons.hope.edu/anchor_1900/10

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THE ANCHOR.

CONTENTS

CONTRIBUTIONS:—

<i>What is Truth.</i>	Page 45
<i>The Student. (Poem)</i>	" 47
<i>The Tale of Two Rivals.</i>	" 48
<i>A Mother's Grief. (Poem)</i>	" 51
<i>After Four Years in India.</i>	" 52

EDITORIALS:—

<i>Our Policy.</i>	" 54
<i>Biography.</i>	" 55
<i>The Presidential Campaign.</i>	" 56
<i>The Fadette Orchestra.</i>	" 57

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PUBLISHED BY THE ANCHOR ASS'N, HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICH.

Entered at the Post Office at Holland, Mich., as second-class mail matter.

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VOLUME XIV.

DECEMBER, 1900.

NUMBER 3.

What Is Truth?

The human mind is capable of seeking out and of recognizing truth. But this must be said with limitations. The mind can not work independently of the bodily senses, and hence is subject to laws other than psychical. Who has not been deceived by optical delusions? Who has not had tricks played on him by the sense of touch? Whose hearing has always proved accurate? All the senses are apt to deceive us.

But then, we may ask, Are we ever undeceived? Can we be absolutely certain that all the false sense-impressions are detected? Nay more, who can assure us that any are detected in reality? Formerly the moon was supposed to be the size of a wash-tub or just as it appeared to the naked eye. Now we think she is only a little smaller than the earth. Who was deceived, the ancients or we—or both? We say, Well we have the telescope now which they did not have then. But are you sure the telescope is anything else than an optical delusion? We have seen glasses that make a man look like a hoghead syrup barrel. Who knows but that may be the true appearance of man.

We ask then again, Are we ever undeceived in our experience with surrounding objects? Are not all the physical sciences founded, as they are, on the authority of the senses, probably one colossal fallacy? Can we be absolutely sure of anything? Yes, we say, there are things, the appearance and character of which agree with the understanding, and in so far are reliable.

But are we not thus only shifting the place of conflict rather than removing the difficulty? Is not the understanding dependent on sense-experience? When we see an object, are we not associating it in our mind with the objects we have seen or felt before, and thus come to the conclusion what it is? If then our first experiences are probably deceiving, must not that which we associate and compare with them deceive us too?

But now, let us assume that our sense experience is true and reliable, that the things we see and feel and hear are actually as we suppose them to be. What of the psychical activity in our thinking and reasoning? Is that reliable? Is the process by which we compare past experiences with present sensations always infallible? Who has not been perplexed by the failing of memory? Who has not made mistakes with wrong associations and wrong conclusions? In fact, why is it that men under the same circumstances and with the same facts given can never be brought to agree on all points? Why do men disagree at all? When the senses experience the same sensations and when these sensations happen under the same circumstances, different minds will yet come to different conclusions. What, then, must we conclude? Can any such thing as infallibility be claimed of the reasoning faculties? If it could, disagreement were an impossibility.

Well, we say, that is just what our orthodox catechism taught us. The human mind is no longer perfect, human reasoning is therefore in no sense reliable. Sin has deranged the truth and harmony of creation and darkened the human understanding. What is left for us, therefore, is to accept revelation on authority.

But, now, the question comes, How can we accept it? The only way to communicate truth to the human mind is through the senses, and these, we have just seen, are not reliable. But more than that, how shall we determine what is revelation? The Mohammedan says, "Why, of course, it is the Koran." The Hindus with all confidence turn to their Veda. We Christians are absolutely sure it is the Bible. Why this disagreement? Do we not here stand before the same difficulty? Even revelation is in the final analysis brought before the same tribunal of the human understanding. There is no other authority we can appeal to among men.

So, then, we are forced to make the humiliating confession that we have no absolute standard of truth. "What is truth?" is still the question mankind is eagerly asking; but their minds fail to give the answer. Is it in the Bible? Our intellect shows that we can not be sure. Is it in the opinion of the majority? Even all mankind may be deceived. And still man seeks for truth, and has sought for it all these ages. Have then all the discoveries of science been nothing but vain delusions? Have

then all the toil and pain and blood of the many saints and sages been wasted for a truth they did not possess?

No, we say, that is merely sophistry. If we can not know anything absolutely sure, we can not know whether there ever was anyone to seek for surety either. We then are not sure whether there is such a thing at all as a world, nay not even whether we ourselves exist. This reasoning destroys itself.

How then shall we explain the difficulty? Is not the fact, that men have made such extensive sacrifices for what they at least imagined true knowledge, a proof that they actually had some things of which they felt absolutely certain? Men can not think, nay not even imagine without real facts of experience or intuition as a basis to work upon. But how can we know of facts of experience before we have some criterion by which to prove the reality of experiences? This is an impossibility.

So then we are left to the only alternative that man has certain facts of knowledge by intuition the basis of which is faith. And these facts are fundamental to all knowledge. Now, in order to come to any definite knowledge it is necessary that we assume at least four things: first, our own existence; secondly the reliability of the laws of thought; thirdly, the truthfulness of the senses; and fourthly, the reality of the external world. But who feels that he needs a proof for these things? They are axiomatic, self evident. Faith, therefore, is the foundation of all our knowledge.

J. WESSELINK, '01.

x x x

The Student. *

Over his book, entranced the student poses,
While all around is quiet as the night;
He gazes upon strange, mysterious shores
And follows on into the joyful light.

Soon he is gone beyond this common earth,
And finds himself in happy fields of bliss,
Where nothing e'er is measured by its worth;
For that which there he finds he would not miss.

While there, he meets the softly singing bard,
The muse of classic quills and mind of old,
And wand'ring says: "Why cannot I discard
The world and all the monstrous things there told."

"O that I were a saint, and did not dwell
Upon the earth, sin-cursed and foul with stain!
Because it gives so much as none can tell,
Of sorrow, sad remorse, discomfort, pain."

* Recommended by Prof. Nykerk.

Again upon the earth he turns his eye
 And sees, that power of man cannot compare
 With God, who is exalted and on high,
 But trusts, that He with him his love will share.
 And thus he learns of that which comes and goes—
 Of joy and grief and their reality,
 Of clay, and life all darkened by its woes—
 That only love through this can wend its way.

E. R. KRUIZENGA.

x x x

The Tale of Two Rivals.

"Young man, I want to talk to you." These words, spoken in no gentle tone, were addressed to David Westfield, a poor widow's son, as he passed the Preston home on his return from an errand toward the evening of a bright summer day. The speaker was James Preston, a very wealthy business man. David was filled with surprise and even fear to be thus aroused from his reverie by a man who had never been friendly to him. Filled with anxious expectancy, he soon found himself face to face with the man he dreaded.

"I understand that you are thinking of entering the Stoford University next month."

"That is my ambition, sir."

"Well, young man, the quicker you banish such nonsensical ambitions from your foolish brain, the better it will be for you. Remember that you were born poor and that even now your mother scarcely knows how to get an honorable livelihood. As one of rich experience, I advise you to retain your position with the Pratt Publishing House, and to make your sole ambition the support of your mother. You have had a sufficient preparatory training to command a handsome income in the course of time, while resuming study will mean continued struggle for yourself and a great deal of misery for your mother."

"But, sir".....

"Walk away now. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'" So saying, James Preston left the veranda and entered the house. The fact is he became so enraged, while he was speaking, that he thought it best to depart before his jealousy should impel him to more practical violence. Jealousy, indeed, had urged him to speak thus, for his own son had always been a classmate and rival of David Westfield. When they had finished the preparatory work in June, the latter had captured the scholarship prize in literature which conferred no small honor upon the fortunate captor. This had stung the pride of the Preston's and in their hearts they had often committed murder against him.

It was in a very dejected mood that David entered his home that evening. Finding his mother absent, he seated himself in the rocker and meditated on what he had heard. When his mother had returned, he told her all that had happened. Again he sank into deep thought. Almost an hour had elapsed before he aroused himself and then the following conversation took place:

"Mother."

"My son."

"I believe I cannot follow the advice of so jealous a man as James Preston. I consider it my highest duty to enter that sphere of usefulness where I can work for the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' The intense misery of the masses and the great need of reform in many phases of life have created within me an unquenchable desire to do good. Am I therefore not justified, mother, in seeking a thorough education with the purpose of entering that field of work where I can be of most service?"

"Certainly you are, my son. Altho but a poor widow, I possess health and vigor, and will do all in my power to support and encourage you. You will experience, however, that the world is cold and unsympathetic. Many are animated by selfishness and by a spirit of rivalry. They will do all in their power to spoil your chances of success in life and to mar your happiness. Prompted by jealousy, people will give you advice which, if it does not tend to your ruin, will certainly check your advancement if followed. You will never regret that you made the most of your talents."

There was silence for some moments. David was thinking deeply. His mother was praying. After some minutes, the silence was broken by David.

"But mother, think of the sacrifice which you must needs make. Many comforts which I can now provide for you, will have to be given up, and it will mean a renewal of past hardships. I cannot bear to think of your further discomfort." The words of James Preston in regard to the hardships which would befall Mrs. Westfield in case her son should enter the university had deeply moved the latter and he could not hide it from her.

"Do not let that annoy you, my son. I am strong and can easily provide for myself. I have saved a neat little sum from your earnings this summer and, if you can make your way at the university, I am prone to be very hopeful as regards the future. Your duty to me as a son is great but there is a higher duty which must receive first consideration—your duty to God. In observing that duty I will always encourage you." After another brief silence, mother and son parted for the night.

The hands of the clock made several revolutions that night before David Westfield closed his eyes in sleep. The time was

approaching when all the colleges and universities would open their doors for another year's work and he longed to make a decision. He considered the probable results of whichever step he should take, but the conviction grew stronger within him that anything worth having is not obtained without much effort. And decide he did.

The opening day of the Stafford University was a great day. There were two hundred who enlisted as Freshmen. Among them were Harold Preston and David Westfield.

Harold was a handsome and gifted lad, but he lacked power of application. Like his parents he was very proud and exceedingly jealous of those who succeeded better than he. His father was so in business life. By the most unjust means he continually endeavored to injure his fellow business men. Every letter which Harold received was replete with exhortations urging him not to let such a 'presumptuous fellow' as David Westfield get ahead of him again. It is not unnatural, therefore, that Harold Preston became exceedingly jealous. And it did not remain a secret either.

The society in which David Westfield mingled was far different from that in which Harold Preston moved. It is peculiar how the wealthy students of the Stafford University were down on the poor students. Harold became the ringleader of a group of wealthy boys whose chief delight was the annoyance of others. David was often the object of their pranks. He suffered many humiliations. As he entered his study one afternoon he found a telegram awaiting his arrival. It reported the serious illness of his mother and summoned him home immediately. An inexpressible feeling of sorrow crept over him. This message came during a very busy period of his senior year and his funds were also very limited. Mindful of passed hardships and now almost completely discouraged, he went home on the first train, seriously doubting whether he would ever return. There was a chaotic restlessness in his soul. He meditated on the unequal distribution of good and evil and his heart almost rose in revolt as he thought of the possible loss of his mother. Great and intense was his astonishment to find his mother well as ever, only much baffled at his sudden arrival. The matter was soon explained. The telegram had been a false one. What motive could inspire one to such an act? Who could be guilty of this? These were questions without an answer in the minds of mother and son. Yes, why do men ever sin against one another? Why is it that some rejoice at another's misery?

Altho' the pecuniary loss sustained by this trip and the setback received in his work were no pleasant thoughts to David the knowledge of his mother's welfare consoled him.

He returned to find his room in a chaos. Thieves had been at work. After a thorough search he discovered his only loss to

be some letters and a valuable ring, one which Ruth Hawthorne a maid of great wealth and rare beauty had given him as a pledge of her love. This was a great blow. He had promised never to part with the ring. He dared not face his sweetheart without it. He wept. After considering who would likely perpetrate such a deed, he became very suspicious of one who of late had threatened to be his rival lover by his profuse attentions to Ruth Hawthorne. He reported the matter to no one but confided it to Ruth alone. Great was his disappointment when she would not believe him. In a short time their intimate relations ceased.

Weeks passed by. One winter day the report spread that Harold Preston had fallen thro' the ice on Small Lake and had been drowned. The report proved true. Harold Preston was dead. A week after the funeral James Preston arrived at the university to collect the books of his deceased son. The contents of one box made him start with surprise.

Commencement day arrived. Thousands flocked to the closing exercises. Poor mother Westfield was there too, to hear her son deliver the valedictorian address. Altho' he spoke with marked enthusiasm, it was evident to his closest friends that he was laboring under some great sorrow. As he was leaving Greely hall after the exercises, he was surprised to meet James Preston who handed him a box and then speedily withdrew. It contained the stolen ring and the letters, as also a check for a handsome sum. But it contained more. There was a letter containing a confession and a plea for pardon which the repentant father made for his dead son. For it was Harold Preston who had been the instigator of David's misery. He had told—but let us not disclose the sins of a dead boy. Be it enough to say that the restored ring restored David Westfield to the affections of Ruth Hawthorne, and that all the discouraging obstacles which David had met with, prepared him for the stronger battle of active life.

SIMON BLOCKER, Prep., '01.

x x x

A Mother's Grief.*

All night I sit beside the cot
On which my dearest treasure lies,
And gaze with sleepless, tearful eyes,
At her, my own lost darling, Dot.

I smooth each clinging silken tress
And touch the soft, white finger tips;
I bend and kiss the silent lips,
But long in vain for her caress.

*Recommended by Prof. Nykerk.

I think God's servant from above,
While gathering roses for His crown,
In carelessness this bud cut down
Which I had reared with fervent love.

My little bud, for three short years,
Made all around her seem more fair.
Without her presence, earth is bare,—
I find no joy, but grief and tears.

How cruelly my heart is rent!
It doth my soul with anguish fill.
It would have been far kinder still,
Had he my darling never sent.

But hush, my soul! Dost thou complain
About thy Heavenly Father's deeds?
Remember He sees all thy needs,
And will send balm for this great pain.

Yes, though a part of my own soul
Seems torn away, it was His will;
He now the aching void will fill
With His own love, and make me whole.

ALICE J. KOLLEN.

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After Four Years in India.

Today, Sept. 29th, it is four years ago that we first set foot on solid ground in India. As usual each year I wish to make a brief report to my former associates, the alumni, and to the present students of Hope College. As at first, so now, God has been truly good to us, and has blessed us with health and contentment. By His providence we were directed at the beginning of the year to commence work in the mission college at Ongole. I teach the Bible, Mathematics and English. With reference to the value of educational work, I wish to quote a resolution that was passed by the South Indian Missionary Conference held at Madras in January of this year. It is as follows:

"That in the present state of education in India, missionary societies cannot wisely relax any of the efforts they are making in the educational field; but should rather, along with the expansion of other departments of mission work extend their endeavours to place within reach of all classes of the population that complete education, intellectual, moral and religious, which is a most powerful, auxiliary in the establishment of the Kingdom of God."

The above exactly expresses my view, and it has great

weight of authority as being the settled opinion of the whole body of South Indian missionaries. The college here is second grade i. e. we teach as far as the Sophomore year. We have seven students in the highest class, two Christians, one Mohammedan and four Hindus.

Altogether there are about three hundred students, of whom one hundred are Christians. The college exists for a two-fold purpose: first, to give a higher training to those of our Christian youth who are qualified for it, and who are specially needed in the work of the Christian church; secondly, to give an education on Christian principles to Hindu and Mohammedan youths of the community. Regarding the latter I may say that their education costs the mission very little, as they all pay fees, sufficient in most cases, to pay the salaries of the teachers. Then also it gives us the opportunity of directing the training of those who will be leaders in society and state, the great advantage of which is apparent. By associating with them, we can at least bear witness, both by example and precept, to the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. The lesson of the cross is familiar to every one who comes to our college, even if only for a short time. Personal work in the sense understood at home, is carried on by both students and missionaries.

In this connection I wish to relate an incident that took place here, showing how the thoughts of the young men are influenced by the Bible. A Hindu lad prepared an essay for a literary society on "The Right Use of Wealth," in which there were several allusions to the sermon on the mount. And in the discussion, which followed, there were similar remarks made by both Hindus and Mohammedans, enforced sometimes by the Koran and sometimes by the teachings of Jesus. One Hindu young man actually quoted a verse of Scripture to prove a certain position and a Mohammedan who opposed him said that his interpretation of the text was not right. He proved this by the context and by other passages. My work in the college includes the spiritual oversight of the Christian boys, and attendance and help at prayer-meetings, leading Bible classes, and preaching in turn on Sunday evenings. I am busy every moment and I feel my position is such that every effort will count.

We have other work here with which I have been closely connected. The terrible famine called for various relief measures, one of the neediest of which seemed an orphanage, to care for the many homeless waifs who would otherwise be left entirely helpless. As there were no funds on hand and none promised, we resolved to establish it on the plan of Geo. Muller, viz., to ask God alone for help and He has greatly blessed the work. Already we have two large institutions with commodious buildings, in which we are at present caring for about one hundred and ninety children, from a few months old and upward. The

work is interesting, but the care is very great. The famine is over, but our task with these children has but commenced. We will send some back to their relatives, but many remain, and even in ordinary times orphans will come. We hope to be able to receive all who come and to provide for them until they are grown up. We shall teach them all, if possible, to read the Bible and to write at least their own name. We shall also teach them to work and except in special cases, we shall try to make them better fitted for the work and the environment in which they or their parents previously were. The various details of the problem arising from the assumption of as many homeless waifs are constantly before the director and the advisory council. We look to God, the Father of the fatherless, both for guidance and for means to carry on this work.

We are glad that the famine here is over, and that the fields are again clothed with green. It is wonderful how quickly the rains have produced a change. Now for the showers of spiritual blessings. Brethren, pray for us. Pray with earnest longings for the coming of Christ's kingdom in India. Pray for us, that we may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that the work of the Lord may run and be glorified, even as also it is with you.

H. HUIZINGA.

Ongole, India, Sept. 29, 1900.

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EDITORIALS.

Our Policy.

It again becomes the duty of the writer of this article to come before the public in the capacity of Editor-in Chief of the ANCHOR. Mr. Stormzand managed the organ in such a way as to merit the severe disapproval of the entire student-body. The Staff and Association disclaim any responsibility for the unwise and insolent conduct of the former Editor-in Chief, especially in publishing the article, "*Cowardly Criticism*." The students hope that the former enviable position of the ANCHOR may not be lowered in the esteem of the Faculty, Alumni, and sister institutions on account of the insane actions of an irresponsible individual. We feel deeply grieved, however, when we think of what might have been done by a young man of such ability and opportunity.

When he was convinced that all the students desired a change, and that he was the unanimous choice, the present Editor could not evade the issue, but accepted the position with its responsibility and opportunity. He feels sincerely grateful for the renewed evidence that the students confide in him. It shall

be his endeavor not to betray that trust. With the support, so loyally tendered him, THE ANCHOR cannot fail to realize some of its highest and noblest ideals.

As to our policy? We shall endeavor to crystallize the opinions of the studentry, by expressing them in writing, and, in some instances, to agitate questions and point out courses of action. We shall try to stimulate the college spirit among us. Students may have different conceptions of that term, but it certainly includes love for one's institution. The student who lacks that essential quality, however great his literary ability may be, is utterly unfit for the management of a college journal. Therefore the serial begun in the last number will not be continued.

No clique or group of persons, as such, will be recognized. All will have an equal opportunity to express their ideas in the ANCHOR. Thoughtful students generally have some idea or theory which they consider of prime importance. It will require no little discretion to choose the timely subjects out of the mass of paramount issues. But, at all events, the Editor shall, for the time being, put aside his own hobby-horse, and select those articles which will benefit the greatest number of readers. He will try to get in sympathy with any subject or theory that may be advanced by any student.

Of course, every writer will be held responsible for the thoughts expressed in his article. But no restrictions will be placed on freely expressing one's thoughts. In the editorials, the associate editors will discuss various problems of college life. We are fortunate in having very able men at the head of the various departments. Each one will be responsible for his own department.

Finally, we may depend on the co-operation and sympathy of the Faculty. We expect the continued support of the Alumni by their contributions and subscriptions. With the liberal support of our advertisers, we shall endeavor to make such changes as our financial condition may warrant. Thus all united, we can maintain and possibly raise the eminent position THE ANCHOR occupies in the world of culture and learning.

x x x

Biography.

Perhaps no field of literature is so neglected by the average student as that of biography. And yet it is a glorious field, rich in gems that may form the capital in the great market of life. Many devote their time to poetry and romance. But while these are very efficient, they are not sufficient for him who desires to attain to perfect, well-developed manhood. Poetry and romance contain much that is purely ideal and imaginary, and the aspirant to success cannot afford to guide and shape his life by such

uncertain means. The lives of men who have nobly struggled, who had weaknesses and difficulties similar to his but who overcame them, who had similarities of character that call forth his sympathy—the lives of such men are inspiring not only, but also instructive, valuable in shaping habit and character. It is true, biography alone will not make a strong man, any more than that a dictionary and grammar make a speaker perfect, but like them it furnishes a trusty guide. It is too important a factor in true education to be overlooked. Every worthy phase of human activity has had its great men, who have left their "footprints on the sands of time" for those to follow who are to lead civilization onward. The successes and failures of these great men must be guide-posts for future leaders.

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The Presidential Campaign.

The great questions that confronted the American people, and that were for four months discussed on the stage and by the press, have, for the present been decided. Much time and money were spent. Some deplore this as so much waste. But the man that is an American at heart, considers these campaigns, tho' accompanied with much evil, as also accompanied with much good, educationally. Young men were given an opportunity to discuss the issues before the public. Experienced statesmen and diplomats were once more brought in touch with their constituencies. The masses, if not blinded by prejudice, were given an opportunity to hear both sides of the questions. Brilliant oratory, interspersed with humor and pathos, held audiences spell-bound for hours. The thrilling national airs, that appeal to all that is pure and noble in man, were once more sung by the glee clubs that filled with enthusiasm the assemblies of American patriots. The blazing flow of the torch light procession and the blare of the brass-band certainly were not wanting in arousing citizens to a sense of their duty.

Many regard this as a play upon the emotions of the thoughtless. Perhaps it is. But it has its effect not upon the unlearned and superficial only; the intelligent citizen often needs to be aroused. Sometimes we think that all that is needed to convince men is good, sound, argument; while this is the true instrument, it is insufficient in itself. We need more than this to arouse and inspire. Let even the boys and girls contribute to the impressiveness of all such occasions, with their flags, torches, whistles, and torpedoes. They, too, are a part of this glorious nation, and as long as such occasions are made conducive to healthful patriotism, the money used and the time spent should be of minor consideration. There is much evil in our politics, but much of this may be eradicated by conducting a campaign

in such a way, and choosing leaders of such pure character, that men, women, and children can all contribute to the public demonstrations in honor of our leaders.

Since Mr. McKinley was again chosen as chief executive, we lay aside all our little antipathies and animosities, and accept him as president not of the Republican party, but of the American people. But let us never fail to watch with a jealous and vigilant eye those God-given rights that have made us a great nation. And, when any man or set of men would make our free institutions subservient to personal greed and avarice, let the voice of the people be heard in thundering tones.

x x x

It is with no small sense of satisfaction that we notice the following in the *Chicago Record* of November 14th:

"Columbus, O., Nov. 13.—A judgment of ouster against *Mount Hope College* of Rogers, Columbian county, was given by the Supreme Court to day, and the college loses its charter. It was alleged the college had been selling diplomas."

It is certainly a strange and unwelcome coincidence(?) that the organ of this defunct college should bear the title of *Mount Hope Anchor*. Judging from the character of the doctoral theses that now and then were published in the columns of the above named journal, the institution well deserved to have its charter revoked. It did *business* for seven years.

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The *Fadette Orchestra* of Boston appeared before a full house in Winants' Chapel Tuesday evening, November 20. The fact that so many people came through the rain shows that Holland audiences are anxious to take advantage of such opportunities as they have of hearing good music. We hope that in the future our lecture course may afford more of such occasions.

The *Fadette Orchestra* is remarkably good for one of its size. The players displayed great ability and produced, as a whole, effects which could only be the result of careful training. Their selections were, with few exceptions, classical and of a character to satisfy a purely musical audience or to cultivate the taste of the uninitiated. However, the introduction of music of the "cake-walk" order, even as an encore, while it is sure to captivate a certain element, is undoubtedly a mistake in a program from which only the highest and most elevating music is expected. The rendering of the Tschaikowski "Audante Cantabile" by the stringed instruments was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening. The delicacy and finish with which this beautiful composition was interpreted is worthy of unbounded

praise. In the Overture to "Der Freishutz" and in the selection from Lohengrin, the orchestra did its best work.

Miss Webb, the violin soloist, was well received and responded to an encore with "Annie Laurie," which she played with simplicity and true musical feeling. The soprano, Miss Lynn, possesses a well-cultivated voice of considerable volume and fullness which appeared to good advantage in the aria from "The Maid of Orleans." She pleased the audience more especially by her rendering of the bright little song by Delibes, which was heartily encored.

On the whole, the concert was a great success; and if, as we hope, the Fadettes ever revisit Holland, they may be sure of a cordial welcome.

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Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The week of prayer has come and gone. The meetings are past, but their influence is still existing. We started the series of meetings with prayer for Spiritual guidance during the week, and our prayers were heard for the Spirit was there. To what extent, we personally have received the Spirit into our lives, the days of the future will show. If we indicate by our daily life that we are better Christians to-day than in the days before the week of prayer, then men round about us, our classmates, may see that we have sat at Jesus' feet and learned of Him. We all enjoyed those meetings and, no doubt, vowed to live according to the convictions received there. And now it is our duty to look squarely into our lives and ask, Am I consistent with my Christian profession in my daily life?

The first meeting of the week was led by Prof. Ladd. Based upon David's request of God in the 139th Psalm, "Search me oh God and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts," the meeting became one of true inner searching in preparation for receiving the blessings of the week. On Monday, Mr. Van Zante conducted the services on the thought suggested by the prodigal's words, "I will arise and go to my father." Tuesday, Dr. Beardslee spoke of the "one thing needful." On Wednesday, Mr. Kuyper brought before our minds the command of Mary to the servants at Cana, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Prof. Bergen led the invitation meeting on Thursday with the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." To the request to take the stand for the Master, and to take His yoke upon themselves because it is easy, many gave heed. May we not think that the angels in heaven rejoiced over those souls that repented? The last meeting, on Friday was one of consecration.

It was as fully characterized by the presence of God's Spirit as were the meetings of the days before. At its close, we longed for the continuance of such seasons of prayer, at the same time rejoicing that even in those few days the Lord had indeed been there.

Since the last issue of the ANCHOR, two meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have been held, one on Nov. 8, by Dr. Dosker, and the other Nov. 16, by Rev. Van der Erve, of Grand Rapids. Dr. Dosker's subject was the early missionary work among the North American Indians. In glowing words, he sketched the heroic life of Pere Marquette in his work in the regions around us. "The Matchless Christ" was the subject of Rev. Van der Erve's masterly address. With truly impressive words, he showed the preeminence of Christ over all men as to "head, heart and hand." With such addresses to stimulate us, there is no fear of dying interest in the Y. M. C. A. course of lectures.

G. K.

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Meliphone.

The two sections of the Meliphone Society were united as one at the opening of this school year. This proved an incentive to greater activity and with a membership of over thirty, excellent work is being done. Allegories, soliloquies, and original stories and poems were added to the usual features of the program, whereby the literary standard of the society has been considerably raised. Its merit is such that it forms an essential part of the preparatory course. The following are the officers for this term:

President, Simon Blocker.
Vice-President, H. A. Naberhuis.
Secretary, William De Bruyn.
Treasurer, Jacob Pelgrim.
Sergeant-at-arms, A. C. Dykema.
Marshal, Henry Mollema.

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The Fraternal Society.

The Fraternal Society reports a healthy growth in membership. Last spring we lost many members who graduated at that time, but we have already initiated enough new members to bring the F. S. to its best working strength. There is much interest shown in the programs, and many of the productions are of very superior merit. A characteristic of our work thus far has been

the study of modern fiction, on which several essays and book-reviews were read. One evening was devoted to a magic lantern exhibition, when by the kindness of our graduate member, Mr. J. W. Beardslee, Jr., many fine European views were shown.

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Cosmopolitan.

The Cosmopolitans are yet flourishing as of old. No special intellectual revival has struck them; nor has the gift of prophecy been bestowed on any of them that we know of. They are still among those who seek for what they have not got, and to whom the future is what they make of it.

The political questions of the day have been faithfully discussed in their debates. See here a couple of the subjects: "Resolved, That the cry of Imperialism is a fallacy." "Resolved, That a minister of the Gospel has a right and ought, as a citizen, to enter politics as a partisan." That the auditors usually took sides during the discussions of such questions and evinced a lively interest need scarcely be said.

Their orations and addresses too have been quite interesting. Some of the subjects are: "True Greatness," "The Religion of Science," "Democracy or Aristocracy," "James G. Blaine," "Henry Ward Beecher as an Orator," "Zwemer's 'Cradle of Islam.'"

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Alumni Notes.

The Rev. R. Joldersma, '81, declined the call from Hull, Iowa.

The Second Reformed church of Grand Rapids a second time called Rev. M. Flipse, '90. He has however again declined.

In last month's alumni notes the type made us say, "Rev. Veldman has accepted the call from Milwaukee." It is needless to state that it should have read *has not* accepted, etc.

It is possible that either Rev. Dr. P. Moerdyke, '66, of Chicago, or Hon. G. J. Diekema, '81, of this city, will be appointed to represent this country at the court of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. Both are our graduates and we know that either could fill the position well.

We were pleased to see two of our old friends, Rev. Veldman, '92, and Van der Erve, in chapel this week.

Rev. H. Dosker, '76, will very likely fill the pulpit of the First church of this city, the remainder of this winter.

Rev. Anthony Rozendal, '97, has received and accepted a call from Hamilton, Mich.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Zwemer, '87, rejoice over the arrival of a new little missionary. She is rather inexperienced, yet much is expected of her.

The following was seen under the "New Brunswick Home News" of Wednesday, Oct. 24: "Miss Mary Elizabeth Woodbridge, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Woodbridge, and Rev. Floris Ferwerda, pastor of the First Reformed church of Englewood, New Jersey, were united in marriage Oct. 24, at the house of the bride's parents." Rev. Ferwerda graduated from Hope in '97, and completed his course in New Brunswick Seminary.

Forty five former students of Hope now living at Grand Rapids, were invited to a banquet, given by Dr. Kollen in their honor, at the Morton House. Dr. Kollen acted as toast-master. Among the speakers who responded to toasts were Gelmer Kuiper, Revs. Van der Meulen and Bursma, Nicholas Bosch and Peter Volmari.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Effie H. Hospers of Orange City, Iowa.

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Art Appreciation.

On account of misunderstanding or limited understanding, we often fail to comprehend our function in relation to the indefiniteness of art. Especially is this true in relation to the art of music. We are not able to talk definitely on technicalities, hence we illogically conclude that we do not appreciate music. The soul however, thrives badly on technicalities. A technical study is intellectual, and does very well in its place, but..... The want of appreciation is not made manifest by the want of an ability to technically analyse music. The analytical process is mechanical. Does that process concern our appreciation? Perhaps here is the difficulty, we do not understand our relation to the art of music. As listeners, what is our attitude? Is it that of the artist, or the amateur, the lover of music, or that of the professional art-critic? The three functions of these may be combined in one but such is not generally the case. The attitude of the amateur all may assume. And with this attitude toward music, we all can appreciate music both classical and popular. The power of music can not be questioned, and if it has no effect on us there is a serious defect in us. Why does the musician compose?

"After the first performance of Wagner's 'Ring der Nibel-

ungen' at Beirenth in 1876, when the composer was receiving an enthusiastic ovation, an exalted person approached Wagner, and, in glowing terms, congratulated the composer on his stupendous success. But he qualified his phrase by the phrase: 'You know I understand nothing about music, and may therefore not appreciate it fully.' The impulsive musician rose on tiptoe and familiarly touched the great person, who was also very tall, saying: 'Why, that is just what we want; you are the persons we work and write for. Do you imagine that we write to evoke the technical sympathies of fellow-musicians, or to give the professional art-critic material to write upon?' "

N. E. VAN DAM, '03.

~ ~ ~

The Hon. Mr. Watterson is perhaps one of the greatest orators of the day. He speaks in a simple conversational manner. He begins in the most quiet way imaginable, and gradually, under the thrill of his theme, he acquires an eloquence that is direct, captivating and satisfying. No report, though it contains every word uttered, can do Mr. Watterson justice. One must see the man. Mr. Watterson speaks of a theme he loves. He wore the gray, but he loves and reveres the memory of Lincoln who saved the blue. Mr. Watterson will deliver his masterly oration on Abraham Lincoln Dec. 13. All should hear him.

~ ~ ~

College Jottings.

"Ze polah ba'h!"

"Melancholy days."

"Are you Bryanites still?"

"No, we are *still* Bryanites."

Prof. to Joe—"We dream a dream, sing a song, we run a—what?"

Joe—"We run a machine."

Muste thinks the candy store too sweet for anything.

Mollema, upon arriving at his home in Dakota, was just in time to be too late to vote.

The Senior class elected the following officers: J. G. Winter Pres. O. W. Visscher Vice-Pres. J. Hospers Sec. and Treasurer.

The Seniors appointed as orators for the home contest on Washington's birthday Messrs. J. G. Winter and J. Steunen-berg. Great enthusiasm is being shown by all the classes this year in the coming contest.

The students elected the following as officers of the local organization of the State Oratorical League. Pres. J. Wayer. Sec. H. De Pree, Treas. G. Korteling. According to the rotation of offices, Mr. Wayer is also President of the League this year.

The L. L. L. had charge of an issue of the ANCHOR last year, and they did it so well, that the staff offered them the privilege of managing the first number of the first year of the new century. We hope that our advertisers will loyally support them. If any desire extra copies, please notify Mr. Wayer.

The Fred Emerson Brooks Belle Phone.

Van D., bending over a broken seat:

'The bench with the broken seat
Never beched so high again.'

The Michigan Association of Elocutionists held their fifth annual meeting at Olivet, Friday, October 26. The Adrian College World, the organ of Adrian College, says the following in its report. "Mr. John B. Nykerk, of Hope college, gave a paper on 'Some hints with regard to the elocutionary interpretation of the Lyric.' This paper was by far the most finished and helpful given before the association. Mr. Nykerk emphasized the necessity of being true to the sentiment which the author would convey and that displays of voice should not be introduced simply to please an audience. He gave illustrations to emphasize his statements."

Prof. Bergen soon intends to form a foot-ball squad. Five invisibles already. Congratulations from the Hope College Foot-ball team.

Prof. Ladd, having been kicked recently by one of his drivers, is now investigating whether the action was impulsive or reflex. There is great evidence of the latter.

Since the former officers of the Junior class have died out, the class met in the Ulfilas Club-room and elected the following officers: Henry De Pree, Pres.; J. Van Zoeren, Vice Pres.; Miss Anna Riemens, Recording Sec'y; W. De Kline, Corresponding Sec'y; B. Kleinhesselink, Treasurer; I. Bloemers, Chaplin; H. Yntema, Janitor; I. Van der Beek, Hobo.

Mr. J. Kelder has been elected Manager of the Co-operative Association. We would advise that hereafter this manager be chosen by the association and not by the board of directors.

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Another reason why Korteling is such a republican enthusiast. He believes in colonization.

Duven says that the girls in Iowa are more sociable than those in Holland. Good reasons why.

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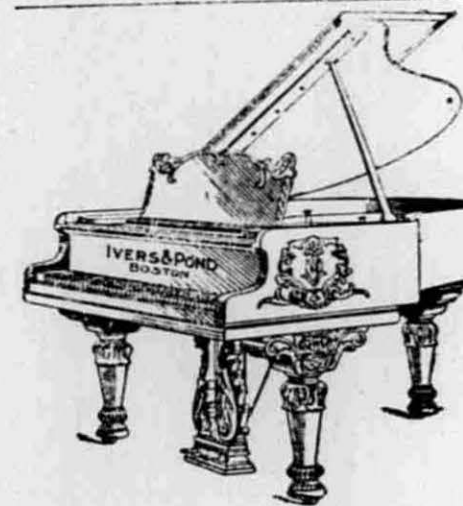
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